

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

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WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909

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Many Wrangell Men Drawn

This morning in open court, a jury venire for the Ketchikan term of court, which will meet in Ketchikan on October 11, was drawn. The list is composed of: Martin Hofstad, M. Fredenburg, C. H. Bryant, A. T. Bennett, A. A. Holtenbeck, F. S. Wilson, T. Frohman, G. W. Card, Wm. Cook, Jeff Casson, F. L. Coulter, Oscar Carlson, Frank Waterbury, L. M. Churchill, all of Wrangell, and C. V. Thiell, Alex Atkins, Ray Borst, Charles Cole, Peter Scogland, Frank Shelton, Chas Deppé, Wm. Bell, J. R. Heckman, and J. A. Hart, all of Ketchikan.

The alleged assault cases will more than likely come up at the Ketchikan term. Not one juror's name from the Juneau recording district appears on the list.—Juneau Record.

Charles Demmert, who came over from Shakan on last week's Uncle Dan, left for the south on the Seattle. He will visit in Seattle and Portland before returning, which will be in about three weeks.

Alaska's New Governor

Walter E. Clark a Passenger on Humboldt for Juneau ---His Message to Alaskans

Judges Make Mistakes

Miss Linnhart feels that she has a kick coming on the awarding of prizes by the judges at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition. It appears that she was the only person from Wrangell who sent down any wine for exhibit, she sending five different varieties. As stated in last week's Sentinel, she was awarded a medal for the excellence of her current wine, no mention being made of the other four varieties, and Mrs. Snyder, who sent no wine, was notified that she had been awarded a medal for her wines. Hence it is that Miss Linnhart is of the opinion that the judges have made the mistake of crediting her wine to Mrs. Snyder.

"It is too early, premature, in fact, for me to start talking policies or politics at this time," said Walter E. Clark, Alaska's new governor, to the Sentinel's proprietor, yesterday morning. "What I want to say now, and what I wish you would say for me to the people of Wrangell and vicinity, is that I am glad I am getting north; glad to be getting nearer to, and in closer touch with the people of Alaska, and glad to be able to subscribe myself 'An Alaskan.'"

"In succeeding Governor Hoggatt, I realize that I am following an able man, one in whom the big men of this country of ours have the utmost faith; and if, when my term of office shall be over, I can feel that I have done as well for the territory as a whole as he has done, then I shall go satisfied, for I shall have done my duty.

"It is not my intention at this time to make any great change in the general conditions of my office, but should the future bring forth the need of changes then you can rest assured that they will be made.

"One thing more, I wish to impress it upon the people of the district that I am here to do business for them. If there is anything they want which comes within the limits of my possibilities, and I am satisfied it is for the best, I shall be there early in the morning and late at night, all the time, working for Alaska and the Alaskans."

Another Gasoline Explosion

Spilled gasoline and a spark had the usual results on board the launch Northern Light at Petersburg, last Saturday evening. For a time it looked as though the gasoline tanks, full of oil, would catch fire, but the heroic efforts of those on board who sacrificed their bedding in the fight, saved the day and the fire was extinguished, leaving the boat little the worse except for a charred spot here and there to serve as a reminder to those on board to be more careful in the future. Nobody was hurt, though all were scared for a time.

The Little Miss Is At Home

Miss Margaret Frances McCormack, accompanied by her mother and cousin, arrived down from Juneau on the Seattle, Monday, the young lady then getting the first view of her home. All concerned stood the trip down well, and Papa Peter says that it's fine to be a family man.

Star Of England Leaves

With over 67,000 cases of salmon on board, the ship Star of England left the Wrangell cannery Tuesday morning on the long trip to San Francisco. No trouble was experienced in clearing the heads and she is now homeward bound with her valuable cargo.

Wrong Doctor Gets Credit

There's some satisfaction—small though it is—to make the discovery that other papers make mistakes too. A recent issue of the Juneau Record in telling of Ole Johnson's speedy recovery at St. Anne's hospital, Juneau, gave the credit of the job to Dr. Sloane, when according to Ole, Dr. DeVigne was the man in charge of the case.

Cottage Breaks Her Shaft

While steaming along Fitzhugh sound last Monday afternoon, the Cottage City, northbound, had the misfortune to break her shaft and drop her propeller. It appears that the Humboldt and the Cottage had left Seattle practically at the same time and had kept in sight of each other all the way up, now one ahead and then the other. Side by side they crossed Queen Charlotte Sound, but as Fitzhugh was reached the Humboldt forged ahead and at the time of the accident to the Cottage was fifteen or twenty minutes ahead. The crowd on the Humboldt were congratulating themselves that they had beaten the older boat, when the wireless on board got busy and brought the word that the Cottage had broken down, and wanted the Humboldt to turn back and take them in tow. This was done, and the crippled vessel helped into the harbor at Bella Bella, where she was left at anchor, and a wire sent to Seattle for a tug to tow her back to the Sound. The weather was fine at the time of the accident.

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THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

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WOULD BE TAIL TO KITE

During the past week we were in receipt of telegrams from Delegate Wickersham requesting permission to sign this paper's name, together with the other papers of the district, to a telegram to be sent to President Taft asking him to lend his best support to the effort of passing Delegate Wickersham's bill creating a territorial legislature for Alaska. We took several days in which to think the matter over and the result was a telegram to Mr. Wickersham saying that we could not conscientiously endorse his measure, but would favor the Sulzer idea of a division on the district if we had to have a territorial form of government. We can see no logical reason why a resident of Southeastern Alaska should favor Mr. Wickersham's bill. There is no denying the fact that Mr. Wickersham is perhaps the brightest and most capable man in Alaska, and probably the best fitted to represent us in the halls of Congress, but Alaska is such an immense territory, with interests so different in the various localities that we cannot believe that he thinks his bill now pending is for the best interests of the entire district, as long as it continues to be one territory. Let it be cut up into three territories and it would begin to be within the limit of the possibilities to pass legislation which would be justice to all concerned. As it is now, if the whole of Alaska were made one territory, there is hardly any measure that the Fairbanks and Nome districts would wish enacted, and by mere weight of numbers could force through, which could meet with the approval of this part of the district, our products, climate and general conditions being so different. But one thing could result, a hopeless minority as far as we are concerned, a tail, which the dog would wag at his leisure, willy nilly, and what could we do about it?

A change of some kind is necessary without doubt, which at the very least should give us the right to elect the greater number of our court and peace officials, but more

than that, no, unless the district be cut up so that it will be of a handleable size, for who in Southeastern Alaska wants to be the tail to the Fairbanks-Nome kite?

A Few Alaska Facts

Alaska was purchased in 1867 for \$7,200,000.

Alaska has, since its purchase, produced \$148,800,000 in placer gold.

Alaska's total trade with the United States in 1908 was \$46,000,000.

Alaska has, according to the U. S. government geological experts, the greatest copper fields in the world.

Alaska has three times the placer area California had. California has produced in fifty-nine years \$1,400,000,000 in gold; and Alaska can and will produce three times as much when properly developed.

Stolen Smiles

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

A chocolate darkey and his "yaller" girl were walking along together.

"I'se skeered mos' to def, Rastus."

"What am yo' skeered ob, woman?"

"I'se skeered yo'segwine to kiss me."

"How kin I kiss yo' when I'se got a bucket on ma haid, a wash pot in one han' an' a turkey gobbler in de odder?"

"Oh, well, yo' fool, I was thinkin, yo' could set de bucket o' watae on the groun', put de turkey down an' turn de wash pot ovah him, den set me on de wash pot, frow yo' ahms 'roun' me an' des hep yo'sef."

Here And There In The North

25,000 tons of freight was landed at St. Michael this summer for points up the Yukon.

The lighthouse at Cape Hinchinbrook is to be completed this year if it is possible to do so.

Four men were drowned near Cordova on the 13th inst. by the overturning of a small boat.

The British Columbia Salvage Co. declined to save the Ohio on a "no cure no pay" basis.

High water took out a span of the Tazlina river bridge on the government road between Valdez and Fairbanks.

At the opening of the Dawson school for the fall and winter term, the attendance was found to be equal to that of last year.

United States Court will convene at Valdez on October 4th, with a complete equipment consisting of both a grand and petit jury.

W. B. Koon, of Fairbanks, is of the opinion that the Iditarod and the Innoka offer the pick and shovel miner of the North another opportunity.

Alfred H. Brooks, in charge of the division of Alaska mineral resources in the geological survey, now says that Alaska's coal supply will last for 400 years.

George Matthewson, who killed Gus Lawless at Fortymile in March 1908, was convicted at Fairbanks of murder in the first degree and the penalty fixed at life imprisonment.

Iditarod is the name of a new placer camp on the Innoka river, where several hundred men are said to have gone from Fairbanks. The new diggings are said to be shallow.

The Seward Gateway says that Judge Overfield, of Valdez, has vacated Judge Reid's order of May 13, 1909, prohibiting United States commissioners of his division from practicing law.

Wm. A. Hesse, a Nome miner, says that some day the tin mines of Cape Prince of Wales, the jumping off place of America, will produce sufficient tin to make its product felt in the states.

Word has been received by the deputy U. S. marshal at Cordova of a gold dust robbery on Valdez creek on the property of the Oregon-Susitna Mining company. The loss is claimed to be \$8,000.

The Orca cannery, near Cordova has closed down with a pack of 40,000 cases as against 46,000 last season. The previous year was a record-breaker, so this year's pack may be considered as being above the average for this cannery.

Advices from Kobuk are to the effect that Martin Moran, Frank Knight and others are making good on Dahl creek. Because of scarcity of white labor they are employing natives to whom they are paying a wage of \$4 a day and board.

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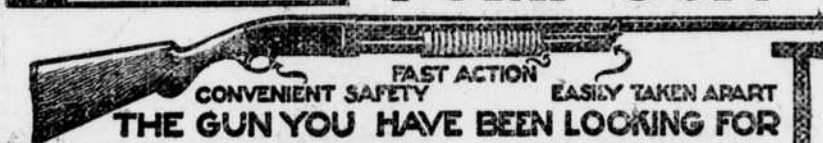
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That "Paid In Full" is a story of absorbing interest has been proved by its phenomenal success in dramatic form. For two seasons there has been no diminution in the drawing power of this vital piece of realism. In its present form it is not less engrossing. The features which made it so powerful as a play are not less potent in the serial. It is the same keen exposition of human motives put into the simplest forms of expression. There is no waste of material, no attempt to moralize, no break in the continuity. The three men who are the central figures in the story stand out in admirable distinctness from the very first, and the one woman whose splendid rectitude illuminates it all lives from the moment of her appearance. Although it is certain to produce frequent thrills, the story is neither melodramatic nor sensational. Its power lies in its humanness.

CHAPTER I.

"NO, I'll not give 'em a raise of 3 cents an hour nor of a cent an hour; nary a raise, understand. And I don't want you to come here thinking you can bulldoze me, because you'll find mighty quick you're mistaken. If any man thinks he can do that I want to see him."

The words, uttered in a wrathful bellow, came through the closed door of the president's room and were heard by every employee and visitor in the main office of the Latin-American Steamship company, which occupied an entire floor of a big building in Bowling Green, New York city.

Some of the employees smiled and passed the remark that the boss "had 'em bad" that day, but the smiles were of the sickly, apprehensive order, for the fact that he was in execrable humor was perfectly well known to each and all, having been impressed upon them very forcibly at intervals from the minute the great man had made his appearance with his unvarying punctuality as the clock struck 9 a. m. Others scowled and kept their reflections to themselves.

The voices of the other parties to the conversation were not audible to the listeners, but that of the president, with its all penetrating roar, burst forth again:

"I don't give a tin whistle what you or your unions do, understand. Let 'em strike, strike and be d—d. But you tell 'em this from me—that any man who's fool enough to throw up his job does so for good and all. He'll never work again for the Latin-American Steamship company in this or any other port. I'll take care of that. I'll show 'em who and what I am if they don't know."

The door opened, and two white faced, intimidated men emerged, cap in hand. They were rough looking men, evidently laborers injured to the hardest kind of work. They shuffled quickly past the neatly dressed clerks and did not breathe freely until they found themselves in the cross streams of hurrying passersby on the street. There, as they mopped their brows and looked around for a saloon, something of the arrogant insolence with which they had demanded audience of the head of the company and which had been speedily cowed out of them by that formidable and choleric personage returned to them.

Meanwhile at the open door of the room in which they had been through the ordeal of their interview Captain Amos Williams, president and general manager of the line, glared after his departing visitors and round the office. There was dead silence, and every employee, from the highest to the office boys, impudent and irrepressible there, as everywhere else, save when Captain Williams was nigh, became deeply engrossed in his work.

"Call up Mr. Smith and tell him I want to see him at once," he growled to no one in particular. Then he re-entered his room and slammed the door.

In a few minutes, however, his bell rang, and a boy responded to it with an alacrity not customary in any other office in all New York.

"Tell Mr. Brooks to come here," was the order he received.



EUGENE WALTER,
Author of "Paid In Full" and "The Easiest Way"

The boy hurried out and approached one of the men behind the brass lattice screens.

"Mr. Brooks, the captain wants you," he announced.

Mr. Brooks did not reply, but he got down leisurely and with bad grace from his stool and moved with equal deliberation to the president's room.

"Brooks, has Fernandez & Co., that Pernambuco firm, been heard from yet?" demanded his employer.

"Check came today," was the laconic reply.

"Full amount?"

"Yes, four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five."

"All right. That's all."

Brooks went out, closing the door behind him, and returned to his desk. He was in a bad temper himself and made no effort to conceal it, for a sullen scowl marred his handsome and usually genial face. Not only was Joseph Brooks handsome, but a rather distinguished looking young fellow, whose clothes sat well and becomingly upon him, albeit they were somewhat shiny from wear and from ironing by inept hands at home. And if his collars and cuffs also were just a trifle the worse for wear at least they were immaculately clean.

"Cheer up!" admonished one of his fellow clerks, noticing his ill humor. Brooks' moods were never taken seriously, for with him fits of despondency alternated with a contagious cordiality and an optimism that knew no limit. Of late, however, his spells of gloominess had become wearisomely frequent, and usually they were accompanied by a nervous irritability.

"Cheer up?" he answered, with some heat. "I don't see any reason for cheering up, and I don't feel like cheering up. Did you hear how the brute received those delegates of the Longshoremen's union because they asked him to add a little to their starvation pay to help them keep skin and bone together? Why shouldn't he raise them? Why shouldn't he raise all of us? He's reeking with money, doesn't know what to do with it, yet what does he do but grind us down—grind and grind and grind—grind us as a grain of wheat is ground to powder between the millstones—grind us with his heel, squeezing from us the very sap of brain and life that he may add to his pile."

The clerks near him had listened to this outbreak with amused surprise.

"Well," said the man who had addressed him before, "I haven't noticed

you sweating blood to any extent under the grinding process."

"Jenkins, you're a—camel," retorted Brooks. "For a wisp of hay you'd let yourself be loaded till the last straw broke your back, and then you'd lick the hand that crushed you."

"Sure," said Jenkins enthusiastically. "Anybody can load me up that wants to."

"And I'll back his liquid capacity to equal that of any camel," chimed in another clerk, while every one within earshot grinned.

"Oh, you can laugh," grumbled Brooks, "but it doesn't alter the truth of what I say. It's men like him that have made our society today what it is, a soulless, heartless, oppressive civilization in which Croesuses walk toughshod over the men who are down and thrust them deeper into the slough with one foot as they climb higher and higher to the power that the possession of inconceivable wealth carries with it."

IN FULL

By
John W. Harding

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"'Twas ever thus!" sighed Jenkins. "But there is yet hope. Our Joseph hath received a call to uplift the down-trod."

"How did he get it? What is his record?" went on Brooks, ignoring the interruption. "Why, he started out as a sealer or a south Pacific trader, which in those days was the same as being a pirate, and you know and I know that his name was a terror to sailormen from San Francisco to Australia. He made his first money by bullying and ill treating other men and killing them, too, on occasion. It's a matter of common knowledge. And he's been a buccaneer ever since. Didn't he bunko and sandbag my father-in-law out of control of this company? And what has he done since then but act the brutal tyrant over everybody connected with it, beating us down to the lowest wage a man can exist on that he may add to his dirty heap, running this office with fist, boot and rope end as though it were his lawless ship and we were his groveling Lascar crew. I hope the longshoremen do strike! They would be doing humanity a service if they'd fill him full of bullets."

"There's a lot of truth in what Brooks says," assented a youthful clerk in low tones, looking around cautiously as he did so.

"Well, after all, I don't see that you're got such a fierce kick coming," observed Jenkins to the disgruntled orator.



"I hope the longshoremen do strike!"

"You don't, eh?" sneered Brooks. "You think \$20 a week is big pay for an accountant and collector who's handled half the money of the line for five years, eh?"

"No; I mean that you are at least solid with the boss and sure of your job, which is more than anybody else here is, and that you stand to become an officer high up in the company one of these days. Williams is a friend of your family, isn't he? You yourself have boasted often that he visits you and your wife."

"That's just it. The swine takes advantage of his relations with my wife's people to keep me down and rub it in. Other people get their salary raised, but I don't. Do you call that a square deal?"

"It hardly seems so, but perhaps there's a reason. He may have some object that will appear in due course, and you'll go up several numbers at one sweep. In the meantime," continued Jenkins, lowering his voice, "I wouldn't let on like you have this afternoon if I were you, Joe. It can't do any good and might do you a deal of harm. You don't know who might hear you, and the boss somehow knows everything that goes on in the office."

"I don't care," affirmed Brooks sulkily. "I'd just as lief tell him to his face what I think of him, and, by gum, I will one of these days, darn him!"

"All right," laughed Jenkins. "I hope I'll be around at the time so that I can perform for you the last sad rite of gathering up your scattered remains. Ah, here's Jimmy Smith!"

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Take A Trip South

Monday's south bound City of Seattle carried a big bunch of people from Wrangell, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith and daughter Miss Nettie. They have planned a trip of several months duration taking in Seattle and points of interest in Washington, Oregon and California. It's a cinch that wherever our milk and water mixing councilman may be, that there will be a staunch booster for Wrangell and Southeastern Alaska.

Mrs. William Lewis was a passenger south on the Seattle, for the Spirit City, where she goes to join her husband and daughter at the fair.

UMBRELLAS RE-PAIRED
Second hand Umbrellas for sale, apply to S. S. Kincaid.

Capt. L. M. Churchill, who left on the Henriette for Calder last week where he checked coal weights for the customs house, returned home on the mail boat.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

A baby girl was born to George Shakes and wife Saturday night.

Judge A. V. R. Snyder and Marshal Al. J. Lowe were passengers to Juneau on the Humboldt.

Judge Thomas is at Petersburg, on business connected with his logging interests.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.

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WRANGELL - ALASKA

A Narrow Escape

Fred Wigg had a mighty narrow escape from what might have been a bad accident last Saturday afternoon. He was at work at the logging camp which he and Eddie Berkeley are running over on Woronofski Island, when he slipped from the top of a log, along which he was walking, to the ground. He threw out his hands to save himself, and struck his left arm against a double bitted axe. The resulting cut was a bad one, of course, but fortunately neither artery nor bone were touched. He was brought over to town and Dr. Shurick treated the cut.

Business is increasing so rapidly at the Hotel Wrangell that "Mine Host" Johnnie Grant has been compelled to invest in a larger safe, which arrived up on the last Humboldt.

L. P. Hunt, the Shakan cannery man, was a Wrangell visitor today.

W. F. Gilmour the well-known traveling man called on local merchants this week.

Walter Woodbridge, the only and original marble man of Wrangell, was a passenger up on the Humboldt, having been transferred there to, from the Cottage after the accident.

Because Oscar Kasheets had a desire to get-rich-quick by appropriating a watch belonging to Frank Dandy, he will languish in durance vile for the next couple of months.

Subscribe

for the

SENTINEL

The Editor Goes Hunting

It was a small and select party who boarded the Salmon last Sunday morning, bright and early, for a duck hunting trip to the flats at the river's mouth. It consisted of Commander, Chief and Chef, Fred Stackpole; crew, Frank Churchill, and passengers Harry Gartley and the Editor. The trip over, though made in a howling wind, was without event—if we except the carrying away of the boom by a squall, and such minor matters—and the flats reached about eight o'clock.

In making his get away after landing his passengers, the pilot ran the ship up on to the hurricane deck of a submerged log, and for the moment it looked as though she would turn turtle when the receding wave left her high and dry, a fate which was narrowly averted by the man of many titles, Stackpole, jumping overboard and holding her up, getting a thorough wetting while so doing. And then the hunting began, and prime it was, too. Never before had we seen so many ducks in such a short time. They were everywhere, and soon they began to fall.

On the way over, the Chef had taken a vote on what we should have for dinner, Mulligan, Ducks a la Pappa, Ducks cooked in the Spanish language, or just a plain old Mulligan. The matter was settled by all agreeing to leave it to the cook, and we were all wondering how those ducks would be cooked when we got back to the boat. Aboard we went, piled up the game, sat down with expectant faces and empty stomachs, and behold, all he had cooked was bacon and eggs.

The high wind prevented our returning that evening, so we spent a very comfortable night on board the Salmon, and after killing a few more ducks Monday morning, left for home on the incoming tide. The editor is going again just as soon as he can get the time, and he will take something less than a scow load of ammunition with him. He ran out of it on this trip and has registered a vow that it won't happen again.

Read The Sentinel

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WRANGELL - - ALASKA

Stickine Tribe Number 5
Imp. O. R. M.

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